

Slipknot, The Blister Exists

ONE, TWO, THREE!!!

YEAH!!!

DROP IT!!!

Bones in the water and dust in my lungs

Absorbing archaic like a sponge

The ultimate way is the way you control

But can you stay if you detach your soul

Bury the present and squeeze out the past

The ones you endear to never last

Chemical burns and the animalistic

I'm just another hardline pseudo-statistic

Can you feel this?

I'm dying to feel this

Can you feel this?

Blood on the paper and skin on my teeth

Trying to commit to what's beneath

To find the time is to lose the momentum

You learn the lessons and immediately forget them

Automatic and out of my reach

Consult all the waste to find the key

Minimal life and the polysyllabic

I'm just another blank page - push the button, pull the rage

Can you feel this?

I'm dying to feel this

Can you feel this?

I am all, but what am I?

Another number that isn't equal to any of you

I control, but I comply

Pick me apart, then pick up the pieces

I'm uneven

I am the damaged one

All my life and the damage done

Can you feel this?

I'm dying to feel this

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